



things we saw in the fire



98 1 8

Chapter 1 by hesione

(Writer's Note: Whenever I read adrenaline-pumping fiction involving some destruction, the author doesn't seem to dwell long enough on the aftermath for the regular people who happen to be caught up in it, or even just happen to see it pass by.

As such, I wanted to make a story thread about a destructive fight between "the forces of the oppressive government" and who would usually be the "protagonist(s)" from the point of view of one different civilian per draft. Obviously, you don't have to write a draft for this story in that format if you don't want to, but I thought it would be cool. **hides up a tree**)

After wolfing down a slice of bread and washing it down with some cheap cider, I lug out bags of flour and start the oven fires. Molly comes downstairs, yawning and tying her hair up: despite the lass never starting the morning without a tired, squinting scowl, she's always the first of my girls to start work. She's a good child, as good a child as any ma could ever want.

She makes bread dough, I make pastry dough. The sun hasn't come up yet, which means it's too early for the yells and what other ungodly racket that people make when starting fights, but

that's what we hear, and the sound of boots

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Too many boots. Marching

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We pause for a moment, then Molly starts to cough and I run back. I go to lock the door and shutter all the windows, kill the fires. Best to stay inside today.

Nothing good comes of the Guard showing up.

Chapter 2 by Harlander



Dust kicked up in the street

Dust kicked up in the street as the column of soldiers stomped its way through the town. Officially, they were here seeking out the last vestiges of the insurgency that had plunged our nation into civil war. It was truer to say they were coming to strip the town of whatever they could find.

Logistics had broken down days ago. The rebels had struck a blow against the Guard headquarters, and ever since then military leadership had collapsed into tiny factions all vying for control of the crumbling forces. More and more people defected by the day, but that just left the hard core of the most determined and fanatic to wear the Guard uniform.

They'd end up shaking down some poor farmer or storekeeper for whatever little they had. All we could do is hide and hope they passed us by.

Suddenly, I heard a shout, loud and clear in the silent city. "In there! There's someone hiding in that building."

I risked a peek through the shutters and saw what I'd feared. A soldier was pointing right in my direction.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 (1 draft)

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